

## Spectrum Anti-Monarchicum.

OR, THE

## Ghost of Hugh Peters,

AS

He lately Appeared to his Beloved Son, the whole Assembly

OF

## Fanatick Presbyters.

**L**O! from the dark Recess of deepest Hell,  
 Where nought but Souls of blackest Traytors dwell,  
 Thy Faithless Father comes, whose Cursed Change,  
 Has made him farr more Active for Revenge.  
 Awake! and see how (wrapt in flames) I stand  
 With Injur'd Head lopt off by Hangman's hand.  
 Lo! its Wise Tongue that spoke that God-like Reason.  
 Which Daunted Chits and Loyal Fools call Treason.  
 See! how 'twixt fester'd lips it doth Lament  
 Of Pains Impatient as of Government.  
 Ah! Pity Son, Pity thy Father's Case,  
 Who so unjustly has been doom'd this Place;  
 A Thousand Tortures hurry through my Blood  
 Black with Infection as the *Stygian* Flood.  
 Now sportive Devils with their tricks of youth,  
 Naked as (what I never knew) the Truth,  
 With Senses too too Apt for Life, t' expire,  
 Drag my unwaisting Carcase through the fire.  
 Then Brawny Fiends full grown for Painful blow  
 With Rods of Sulphur lash me to and fro ----

All Anguish as I run this Dismal Chase  
 The Aged Imps spit Nitre in my Face.  
 Thus Plung'd in griefs when I for Mercy cry,  
 Infatiate Hell Eccho's Eternity!  
 This, this, All this, my Darling boy! I feel  
 Only for Hatching up a Common-Weal.  
 For th' Pious Rescue of your Ravish'd Laws,  
 And nobly fighting for the good old Cause,  
 For making room for Conscience 'gainst your Prince,  
 For which it has been larger ever since.  
 For frugal Building up a Tub, in which  
 The Spawling Sot might Brew as well as Preach,  
 For Cropping Ceremonies, pulling down  
 The Church, that We might circumcise the Crown.  
 For Casting Lots upon the Bishops *Lawn*,  
 And making their Possessions *Puritan*.  
 For turning Top of House to th' House of *Prayer*,  
 And sighing till the Organ-Pipes came there.  
 For Robbing Sinful Steeples of their Mettles  
 Beat into Honest Non-Conformist Kettles.  
 For Sweeping Choirs of Prebendaries clean,  
 Led by a great fat Bell-Wether, a *Dean*  
 For boldly Levelling these Proud Degrees,  
 And burning Car-mens *Frocks* call'd *Surplices*.  
 For long defending of your harmless Lives,  
 Your Precious Liberties, and Pious Wives.  
 For such bless'd Deeds, such Meritorious things;  
 Nay! and for this, which greater Anguish brings,  
 The little Venial Crime of Killing Kings. }  
 And canst thou hear my troubled Spirit groan  
 For speedy Vengeance on that Guilty Throne,  
 And want that saving Vertue to Rebel,  
 And Damn it with that Law by which I fell?  
 Art thou not Tyrant-Crush'd? art thou not hee  
 Would'st blast Succession for thy Liberty?

Art thou not Prelate bound? art thou not one  
 Would'st Smite that Beast? nay! art thou not my Son?  
 That Matchless Name of Issue may suffice:  
 'Tis my Malignant Blood that Qualifies  
 For strict Revenge, and can your Soul Possess  
 With Ills as Damn'd as is my Damn'd Distress.  
 You told me once you would my Grievs abate,  
 And then Petition'd Hell to vindicate  
 My Wrongs with thee. What dire Consults? how foul.  
 Were thy Resolves? such as made Fury's houl,  
 Dread Devils shrink, fresh Judgments rage about,  
 And Caverns burst to let its Poison out.  
 'Twas in the Sulphry Womb of *Acharon*,  
 Where these delightful Counsels first began,  
 A Thousands Legions Conventic'd there,  
 All Sons of Envy Sullen with despair.  
 Whilst you the Mistry of my Cause discuss'd,  
 And *Rhadamanthus* Cry'd, Revenge was Just.  
 'I was here, thou didst Recount and Whisper me  
 Your Years of Falshood, Days of Loyalty.  
 Didst thou not tell me thou could'st wisely found  
 Riddles of State, that thou might'st States confound,  
 That thou could'st Set the Trampled Subject free,  
 And boldly Muzzle Awful Majestie;  
 Raise new *Asylums* and Protect our Lives,  
 By Rissling Kings to Steal Prerogatives?  
 If these thy Virtues are? lo! then to dye,  
 Turns my sad Conflict into Victory:  
 No more I will my Wretched doubts Pursue,  
 My bloody Principles I find in You.  
 You and We Devils did together fall.  
 Rebellion is the Essence of us All.

N.D. about 1670